

A BACHELOR'S REASONS FOR NOT MARRYING.

By Nikola Greeley-Smith.



A CORRESPONDENT signing himself "Philosophous Bachelor" has written me a very interesting letter giving his own reasons and those he attributes to other men for remaining unmarried. He says:

"Within six months after leaving in this city I made up my mind that I never, no never would marry a daughter of Gotham, and since that time every day here has clinched that wise but unnatural resolution.

"I for one would not marry under any circumstances with only 'embalmed beef,' 'knacker' sausage, 'potted ham,' and other 'paper-bag' feasts the prospect for my meals.

"A little while ago a benedict here in the city, getting a day off in order to celebrate the anniversary of his wedding, bought \$1.50 worth of dinner luxuries. His 'city' wife would not deign to care for the purchased provisions, but did trouble herself to set them out in a hot summer day's sun to spoil, and answered her husband's inquiry about the dinner with a sneering remark, 'I am no cook!'

"This one act, published in all the city newspapers, made more bachelors and confirmed more bachelorhood than all the trills, bourees and furbelows in the city will make up in a year.

"It is a singular thing that among all the letters I have received from bachelors the justifying reason for their state of singleness is invariably that women don't know how to cook.

"To then the making of a pudding seems as complex as the calculation of an eclipse. Any man who has been camping with a crowd of his fellows and is convinced that the charred fish he has for dinner is better than anything that the finest New York restaurant purvey ought to have some idea of the simplicity of cooking! He should know that any one can learn to cook well enough for the ordinary household in six weeks. But he persists in regarding the cooking process with the awe he might accord to some untouchable religious mystery and to worship at the shrine of the high priestess, the cook.

"I don't see why more girls don't profit by this universal yearning of the masculine soul. It is easier to cook than to be clever, far easier than to be beautiful. Likewise the more profitable to watch him eat than to listen to him talk. He does it so much better.

"The difficulty lies in finding the opportunity to feed him. We look so much upon the restaurant when it is high-priced that the habit of dining at home or of having others to dine with us is rapidly disappearing. More and more the New York girl seems to resent the idea that a man is entitled to her society and conversation except at a restaurant table.

"But the allegation that women cannot or will not cook is not the explanation of the New York man's aversion to matrimony, which lies purely and simply to the selfishness and self-indulgence that grows upon him every year after twenty-five. Nor can the bachelor woman who feels herself every year more serenely comfortable and irresponsible altogether blame him. She is not anxious to marry herself. Why should she be? Why should she be? President Roosevelt and other race-riders reformers fulminate in vain against the spirit of New York which may be expressed in the words of the English public speaker, who, being reminded of the claims of posterity, replied:

"What has posterity ever done for us?"

THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS - THEY Win! By George McManus



THE SERMONS OF A SINNER

By Roy L. McCardell.

Text: Parental Precepts.



D EARLY Beloved, the Cloak of Contentment has a lining of Worry. The luxury of children is the costliest of all indulgences. It is a luxury the poor indulge in the most.

They are small favors not always thankfully received, and yet, as we tritely say, we wouldn't part with a million dollars or have another for the same price—but we often have many more and without cash bonuses, alas!

When they are babies we say, "To, when they are able to take care of themselves what a comfort they'll be!" But they never get able to take care of themselves until we, their parents, are so old and feeble we need them to take care of us—and generally they don't.

When they are in their teens we haven't time to congratulate ourselves over the fact that we have no dread of their falling in front of trolleys and automobiles or catching the measles and scarlet fever, because we are too busy advising the girls against beaux and the boys against cigarettes.

The time has passed when they cried for candy. They now want pocket money and new clothes. We do without new clothes for ourselves and have no spending money of our own, that we may satisfy these desires.

At about this time we say, "Behold, when they are married, then will our troubles be at an end!"

They do marry and our troubles are at an end, smoke that is a body draught, pestiferous, a nuisance that will not be abated.

Our daughters marry just the sort of a son-in-law we don't want, and our sons' brides are the sort of girls that particularly exasperate us.

We are connected with families by these marriages that we do not like, and the said families we are newly connected with do not seem to appreciate us, either.

What a worry and a trouble children are! How many things we could have if we didn't have children—but we have the children.

And yet we do not want the things we might have had as badly as the children yearn for offspring. A childless marriage is a ship without ballast, a flower garden without blossoms.

Children are the little troubles that keep away the big ones.

Here in the Kingdom of Home our loyal subjects, before they are old enough to rebel, believe that the King and the Queen Mother can do no wrong.

In their eyes father is big and strong and no other child's mother is as good as theirs.

Admonished for their own good, they are not as good as they might be because they realize that they have none of the parental perfection.

Here is the time we should realize that we dwell in the House of Fulfillment, but let us joy at all times in the luxury of children, for none need be so poor as not to have them, nor none can be so rich that they can do without them.

Have children and you will have much happiness, because you will see the shadows of sorrows often enough to bring out the high lights of happiness in plainer relief.

Have children of your own, dearly beloved! Six is more than you can afford and so is one. But accept no substitutes. There are none, the best mother in the world cannot bear other people's children.

Children are born, not made. An adopted child is like an adopted profession. It is never what it professes. And a foundling at your door is only a step-child.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

OF the letters that are written to me eighty out of a hundred contain this question, "Does he love me?" Sometimes the most commonplace instances are elicited, then that question!

It is a very easy thing to tell when a man loves you; generally speaking, that is. In the first place he is very thoughtful—about you; becomes more so all the time. He notices many little things, such as your actions and apparel, how you look when you say things, etc., etc.

The wise man does not let you know he is doing this if he can help it, but very often he can't help it, and if he tries to the woman, who is also wise, knows it.

The man who starts in to see how many liberties he can take does not love the person with whom he tries them. In the first place, his actions show that he has no respect for the girl, and no love that is worth having is without respect. There have been historical cases of infatuation so complete that the man thought of little else but the woman and the woman could not have been respected.

Those days, however, are past and "know women" were perfectly beautiful. We have very different conditions to deal with now and must not overlook it. Never try to win any one by doing what you think Ninon d'Enclos or Mme. Monlespan or any other famous beauty would have done. Remember that you are just you, and do the best you can with yourself.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing to Betty Vincent, Letter Editor, The Evening World Post-Office Box 1254, New York.

Is Transferring His Love?

DEAR BETTY: About five months ago I met a young man. He called three or four times a week until a week ago. Since then he has been out with another young lady. Now this young man has told me he loves me. As I like him very much, will you kindly let me know whether to wait or wait and see if he will write first? It is over a week since he has been to see me. ALL.

Above all things, do not write. Leave him alone. Receive some one's attention and appear to be having a very good time.

Loves Another Woman.

DEAR BETTY: I am in love with a young man and I know my love is returned, but I have been told that he is not serious. He has fallen in love with another woman. I know he does not love her as he loves me. Kindly advise. A. B.

Make yourself as attractive as possible and have other men pay you a great deal of attention. He just pleasant to him.

A Persistent Lover.

DEAR BETTY: I have been interested in a young lady for two years. I have been mad at her for about a year, but made up my mind to give her up and have given her up. I have told her so and I think my love is returned. Last month I made quite a few appointments to meet her. She failed to keep them every time. She says her mother would not allow her out. I know her mother is very strict with her. I happened to meet her on her way home from some place.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Cure for Dandruff.

P. H. E.—To get rid of dandruff, keep your head scrupulously clean. Wash it once a week at least; and between times apply the following: Aromatic vinegars, 4 drams; glycerine, 2 drams; liniment of rose comfrey, 1-2 drams; Uncetone of camphor, 2 drams; rose water, 8 drams. Use every night, rubbing it well into the scalp with a small sponge.

Round Shoulders.

R.—You can prevent yourself from being round shouldered by using your will and determination to sit upright and to stand straight. Get a mirror and watch yourself. See

Tabby Talks.



O H, sweetheart! You really ought to be careful, dear! It's such a dead give away, you know. Thanks, dearest, for telling me. I wouldn't want to exist with a black spot on it for anything, especially as I am just going to meet Mr. Hotchkiss for lunch. He is so fastidious, you know. I think I'll drop into the bargain sales and get me a new waist.

Yes, do, dearest! I saw some to-day that would just suit you for one ninety-eight, such a funny thing, too! I bought one just like the waist you wore last Saturday—why, bless my heart, it's the same one you have on to-day, isn't it? Well, anyway, I bought one just like it for our maid Hilda. Those fancy cheap waists make such a hit with uncultivated tastes, you know.

And so you are going to lunch with Mr. Hotchkiss. Let me warn you, dear, don't let the bill run over a dollar or he will drop dead on your hands. He has asked me to dine loads of times, but I simply had to freeze him out. Of course, though, I suppose he is all right for you. One does get used to most anything in the man line when one isn't popular.

Yes, he was telling me, sweetheart, how you used to drop into his office every other day at lunch time till it got to be a regular joke even with the office boys. He says he was only too glad to buy your luncheons for you if you were hungry, and you did look so dejected, but when it got to being forced to dodge down the back elevator to be able to draw a breath alone he thought it was getting pretty tough.

Maybe that's what the boys were laughing about the other day, when they said they ought to make a pool and buy you a meal ticket. They are so sensible! Do come over some time when you are lonesome. It would really be a relief for me if you would entertain the overflow.

"Good-bye, dearest."

"Good-bye, dear."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Complain to Board of Health.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I want to get rid of a dog that barks and howls for hours at a time without intermission. The animal is kept by a tenant in the same house as myself. Who dares me to do my worst. The rent receipt declares any dog kept on the premises for ten days will be equivalent to a termination of the lease, and that all such tenants will be disposed of. There are four tenants in the house. What redress have I?

R. V. P.

One Idea of Celebration.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I read that millions of dollars have been spent on Fourth of July crackers and fireworks. To what end? On the day after every penny's worth is gone and there is nothing but tattered, empty pockets and the ashes of a few fires to show for it. The same money would erect a Victory Arch or other patriotic monument that would be the glory of the world and the glory of America. Who can surely combat this view? Speak up, celebrators! FUSSELL.

Wed, Ragtime Arithmetic.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A reader asks: "If it is two degrees below zero in New York and twice as cold in New Jersey, how cold in degrees would it be in New Jersey?" There can be no problem without a postulate; therefore I shall answer the above question by asking others, viz: How far will it be when the tunnels are completed? Or, if there is a knot in a piece of string, what distance is it from the knot to the West end of the degree? The answer to each question is the same, "23!"

JOSEPH M.

The Cost of Ice.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I note what your paper says about the Ice Trust. The Trust is forcing the public to pay high prices and it is hard upon the poor people. Hammer at this abuse. Won't Jerome make any move? A. H.

THE FOOLISH LIFE.

By R. W. Taylor.



HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Griddle Cake. TAKE two cups of boiled rice, pass through sieve, and add to it three eggs well beaten, a tablespoonful of melted butter, two cups of flour and one pint of milk; beat until smooth, add two teaspoons of baking powder and bake at once on a hot griddle.

Rice Croquettes. OIL one cup of rice in one quart of milk in double boiler until thick, when beat until smooth, season with salt and pepper, and add the yolks of four eggs and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Stand away until cold, then form into cylinders and dip in beaten egg, and then in bread crumbs; fry in boiling fat.

Mustard Gingerbread. ONE cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup lard, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 tablespoon ginger, a little salt, flour to roll. Make a little thicker than a thick cookie, score with a knife, cut in strips and bake, being careful not to burn. When cool put in stone jar.

Canned Rhubarb. TAKE the rhubarb and wash it. Have cans and rubbers ready. Fill the cans as full as you can get them with rhubarb. When this is done fill with water as they are running over. Be sure there are no bubbles there; then seal tight. Will keep a long time.

Graham Pudding. MELT a heaping tablespoonful of butter and beat into a cup of good molasses. Break in an egg and beat all well, then add a cup of milk, 1½ cups of graham flour, 1 cup

of raisins or dates soaked and cut in two, 1 teaspoon of starch, 1 of cinnamon, 1 teaspoon of nutmeg, cloves and salt. Beat well and steam 2 hours. I put mine in a 5-pound lard pail and set that in a 10-pound pail and one-third full of boiling water, and set it over about 9 o'clock. It is done for dinner. Serve with liquid sauce.

Johnny-Cake. ONE-third cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup cornmeal, butter size of walnut (melted), 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt. Mix egg, sugar and butter thoroughly, add milk and soda, then cornmeal and flour.

THE ROAD OF RUIN.

By Charles R. Barnes.

THE pavement, when they put it down. It was just as level as can be. It was as neat a piece of work as one would ever care to see. The people drove along in bliss. Because the roadbed was like this:

But after several months had passed. That street had quite a different look. And when the raindrops pattered down. They found each one a cozy nook. In fact, most all the people say. The roadbed looked about this way:

And then a gang of men was sent. To put those holes in better shape. And with their shovels, picks and things. You should have seen them dig and scrape! When they were gone nobody cheered. For this is how the thing appeared:

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

EVERY waist that affords opportunity to be welcomed. Nothing gives a greater air of distinction to the costume than just such bits of dainty work, and whether the blouse is designed for separate wear or for the entire gown such a model as this one is in every way to be desired. As shown the material is fine handkerchief lawn, and the embroidery is all done by hand, but there are a great many approaches that can be substituted if the hand work proves too costly, which are in every way to be commended. In either case the lines remain the same, and it is the lines of the costume which provide its essential characteristics. In addition to the fine lawn the fine cotton materials and also the light-weight silks that are made in lingerie style, are quite appropriate to the design. The insertion can be of any lace that may be liked or of narrow embroidery as shown.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4½ yards 21, 2½ yards 27 or 23½ yards 44 inches wide, with 6½ yards of insertion and 2½ yards of applique to make as contrasted and 1½ yard 15 inches wide for deep cuffs if these are used.

Pattern 5405 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

Fancy Lingerie Blouse—Pattern No. 5405.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 2 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.